SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3.

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Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.: Advertagements at 237 East 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.— LEDHER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH STR. WASH-INGTON-610 14TH ST LONDON OFFICE-32 COCESPUR ST., TRAPALGAE SQUARE.

IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN.

Judge Bookstaven is reported to have exlained the appointment of an underling of Sheriff Flack's as referee in the divorce suit affecting the Sheriff, on the ground that he was "well disposed towards the defendant."

If the Judge said this it will go far in the public mind towards wrecking confidence in his integrity and the methods in vogue in lifs Court. Are referees appointed by Judge BOOKSTAVER with reference to their relations with litigants? Does he give his official sanction to recommendations made by biassed officers of the Court?

Such an explanation is, indeed, most unfortunate. It not only does not explain any thing, but adds to the complications already existing. There has long been a bad odor arming from the referee business in our courts. Judge BOOKSTAVEN'S explanation is not by any means a deodorizer.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Chicago, when it put forth its impertinent claim for the World's Fair, had never seen itself as others see it. Having always flattered itself that it was the greatest place on earth, it took no thought of how other people sized it up. It is now suffering a painfully rude awakening from its dream. While all admit that Chicago is a smart town, yet when a Residents of 147 East One Hundred and World's Fair is in prospect all eyes are naturally turned to New York.

A consensus of public opinion all over the country names this metropolis as the seat of the Exposition. This is no reflection upon any other place. Chicago need not feel humiliated by the mirrored reflection of itself to which it is now being treated. It will be greatly benefited if it learns thereby the lesson that there is a vast difference between pretense and reality.

IT IS A PUBLIC APPAIR

Some of the friends of Sheriff FLACE, have made baste to assert that the divorce scandal, in which that official figures unpleasantly, will not injure his standing in Tammany

Well, if that be true, so much the worse for the standing of Tammany Hall,

This extraordinary conspiracy has passed beyond the pale of a private affair. It involves a crime, and all crimes are public affairs. It touches the integrity of the Bench, and casts dark suspicions on the official conduct of a clerk of a court of record.

If Sheriff FLACE has concocted this con guilty, he should either resign the shrievalty store all day. at ence, of his own motion or be compelled to resign.

If Tammany forgives him, public opinion will not forgive Tammany.

A SHIP BURGEON'S CRIMC.

In the course of the in estigation by the Emigration Commissioners yes erday of the complaints against the officers of the steamship England, it was shown that Dr. WARD, the ship surgeon, was not only unfit for his position, but guilty of criminal negligence. An infant who, according to Dr. WARD, was not dangerously sick, died in convulsions, and a call for his services made in the evening was not responded to until the next morning. When he did call it was too late.

Such conduct was inhuman, and besides losing his place he ought to be subject to are: Mr. D. Annable, 25 cents: Mr. J. Dun physicians which no amount of incon- Messrs. Lober and Hanson, 25; U. S. Paige, venience can excuse them from performing. 25, and other contributors, amounting to \$3, THE EVENING WORLD'S STAff of physicians total amount.

is not made up of such as Wann.

BEWARE OF THEM!

There was an effort made yesterday to rethe Sugar Trust. The manner of doing it was auggestive of the iniquity of the whole acheme. Knowing that the amount of certificates assued were far in excess of the value of the properties in the Trust and that investors were, as a consequence, afraid of them, it was announced in a shadowy way fering poor children in New York City. that the volume of certificates was to be largely reduced.

Now there is just one safe thing for those who have money to invest to do, and that is to leave these Trust certificates alone. Only the genteel plunderers on the inside know anything about their value. Beware of them!

BUCK'S BAT.

richer by a hundred dollars to-day than he we worked as hard as they did. was yesterday morning. He won the ducate by a tremendous hit away over the centrefield fence at the Polo Grounds, and amid thunderous applause made the circuit of the bases. It was a great strike.

By the way, all the Giants played ball yesterday, and administered a sound thrashing to the Quakers. Take the two games to-day and make it three straight. Now is the time for awcet revenge.

Many Little Lives Saved by the Corps Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt Make Many of Free Dectors.

Clothing Almost as Necessary as Medicine.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt Distribute a Quantity of Provisions.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

	the same of the sa	
1	THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.0
. 1	Already acknowledged	3,415.0
•	Fair at the Long Beach Hotel	1,030 0
	Poeter,	10.0
	Donald Livingstone	1.0
	No Name	18
511	B. Guldnier	
f	H. Schneider	u+3
t	Bearie Wander	22.0
911	Willie Mozart, Armend Gerard and	2.2
b	Cornelia Mozart Young folks entertainment	1:5
•	Seven little boys.	516
ŭi	Mamie Schader.	1.6
9	Elsie Lediard	117
,	F. S. Budge	
34	Howard S	1.4
1	W. Fredericks	1 1
,	In Memorian	1.1
žИ	E. I. R	1.0
6	A Christian	5.0
1	J. H. N. Children's Fair.	N. 1
201	Children's Fair	14.
ì	J. H. C. Nathan Lewis.	100
П	Laura E. A. Paige	5.
П	H. and A. Meyerhoff	97.0
	F	19.1
	J. G. B	1.0
	Mrs W T	
,	annue, Charity and Nell	41.1
	De De Bress control control	
r	Old Maid E. P. and J. D	1,1
r	등 등 and J. D	140
8	E. P.	2.
B.	John O'Brien	194

A Juventle Entertainment.

For your Baby Fund inclosed please find \$4, the proceeds of an entertainment held by the undersigned. NELLIE ELLIS, MAMIE ELLIS, BIRDIR HARTMAN. KATIE PABOR.

WILLIE ANTONY. Twenty-sixth street,

EDDIE ELLIS,

HABRY PADOR.

Young Pinnaciers.

To the Editor of The Evening World . On July 25 my brother, his friend Armend playthings for the Sick Babies' Fund. We purchased candy with the proceeds of the first sales and sold it at 100 per cent, profit. As our stock ran out we purchased more. We take great pleasure in handing you the result of our efforts, \$1.25, wishing it were more. WILLIE MOZABY,

ARMEND GEBARD, CORNELIA MOZART. Little Bessie's Money.

Yo the Editor of The Evening World Please find inclosed \$2, which I hope may make some baby a little more comfortable. BESSIE WANDER, aged six years. Righlands, Ulster County, N. Y.

For Mrs. Daly.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please forward inclosed \$2 to the Daly family of 223 Mott street. JOHN O'BRIEN, 107 Douglass street, Brooklyn. More for Mrs. Daly.

To the Editor of The Brening World :

Please give this \$2 to Mrs. F. Daty, 220 spiracy, he, a sworn officer of justice, is I will send more soon. I would go down to drink. guilty of a serious crime. And, if he is see her but I have no time as I am in the

Miss H. A. MEYEREOFF, 717 Broadway.

Another Children's Fair. To the Editor of The Evening Wor Inclosed please find \$14, the proceeds of a children's fair which was held on Thursday

morning. Aug. 1, on the plazza of 429 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street. The willing and cheerful manner in which the children of the neighborhood contributed showed the interest which is being taken in your noble work. Yours respectfully,

JENNIE CARTER. ANNIE CAVANAGH. FLORENCE DES ANGES. MINNIE LYONS, MAGGIE LONDERGAN.

From Laura Jean Libbey's Niece. Miss Laura E. Paige, niece of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, has collected funds for the helpless babies. Among her many contributors punishment. There is a duty devo. ving upon | 25; Mr. J. Maddock, 25; Mr. R. Reeves, 25;

> From His Family. In the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed \$1.60, which I have collected in small amounts from graudma, wive public confidence in the certificates of grandpa and other members of our family to help the sick babies. Elsis Leptand.

663 President street, Brooklyn. Nent from West Trey.

to the Editor of The Evening World You will find inclosed \$8.62, sent you by the Inasmuch Ten. of the King's Daughters, to be used for doctoring and feeding the suf-West Troy, N. Y.

Raised at a "Wild West Show,"

To the Editor of the Evening World:
We are seven little boys, under twelve years of age, brothers and cousins of the 'twelve little Shrewsbury girls" who last week raised at a fair and sent you \$150.50 for the Sick Babies' Fund. We inclose \$5, which is the amount taken in at a "Wild West show " given by us the day after the fair. We BUCK EWING, a giant of the Giants, is did not make as much money as the girls, but

> FRANCIS B. MCANERNEY. DAVID MCCLURE, jr., OTTO WAGNER, JOHN WAGNER. FRANK JAMES. ARTHUR J. McCLURE. JOSEPH MCANERNEY.

To the Editor of The Evening World :

Inclosed please find \$10 for your Sick Baby mother how to use it. Fund. It represents a one dollar subscrip-

THE SICK INFANTS, tion taken at our dinner table. The subscribers are Mrs. E., Mrs. P., Miss M. Y., Miss O., J. A. K., E. O., J. I. M., S. D. tion taken at our dinner table. The sub- us. "She sorts rags, get \$2.50 a week, and scribers are Mrs. K., Mrs. P., Miss M. Y., L. O. , and yours truly, DOCTOR.

> WITH A BASKETFUL OF VICTUALS. Visits to the Poor.

He did a splendid day's work! Dr. Hunt I mean.

We met at the corner of Houston and Willett streets, in a little willow shop, where we buy a small chip basket for 12 cents and get the address of several very sick children. The doctor has his vest pockets full of rub-

ber nipples, to be substituted for the deadly nursing tubes, and the hang of his gay little short coat is disfigured by the sponges, soap and printed tickets and slips, which budge out on every sine. The idea strikes him to utilize the clean, covered hamper just as we near a butcher shop, but by the time the hind legs of a lamb's mother have been reduced to two-inch chops and ten parcels of rice introduced there isn't room enough left for an exen sion ticket, and it is with an effort that he buttons down the cover.

With the material for twenty mutton broths we sail down Willett street. At the first alleyway a piping voice calls

out : " Hello, doctor! He's got into spasms again."

'You don't tell me!" "Yes; been awful bad. My mudder says

he ain't long for this world." "He" is taking an airing in a doll-carriage, so you can gauge his size, and the driver is a slip of a girl with soft, brown eyes that have looked on the miseries of life half a dozen years. Her outfit consists of a petticoat, a check apron and a hair string, but the mother does not live who loves her baby better than this tiny nurse does her seven-mouth brother, Little Jack is taken in arms and carried into the house and up to the top flat by the kindhearted doctor. The mother is finishing her washing, which has been delayed by the rain.

"Good morning, doctor. I didn't expect you to-day. Now, please don't ask me to go to the excursion, for I must get this work done or there will be no Sunday dinner. I couldn't get the clothes dry for the rain. I put them out five times and had to rinse them over again each time they came in. It's dull now. Everybody is out of town but the poor. I wish I could have one room in some of the big houses that are shut up. It isn't any trouble for the rich to keep well."

"Little enough I carn, and I don't always get it either. One woman owes me \$4 and another \$2.25 that I never expect to get. They are away now, but before they went I spent nearly a dollar in car fare, but then

they were always out." The doctor takes a whack at woman's inhumanity to woman, takes a good look at Gerard and I opened a "store" with a few the sick child, prescribes a new diet and urges the mother to get him on the water as often and as soon as possible.

In the garret rear flat of a frame building near Houston street is a poor, heart-broken widow with six small children and a consumptive son, who earns #2.50 driving a peddler's wagon. We find her in the midst of a big wash, the perspiration rolling down her face and the little room clouded with steam. Her work brings her in \$1.65 a week, "and there's no use trying to live. I am thinking of putting the children in some home where they will be fed and clothed."

"The eldest boy is sick, very sick, He's a good child, too, only fourteen, and if I could only get him in the country for a few weeks I know he would be all right again."

The doctor says be will see what can be done, then looks at the inflammation that mars and disfigures the face of the four youngest children and we present a pair of mutton chops. At first the mother's pride asserts itself, but the doctor says: "Only a couple, Mrs. G., for the baby, and here's Mott street. Thi it all I can give to day, but half a pound of rice. Give him all he can

> That soothes her and we leave her smiling calling. baluister.

You should see the doctor bathe a baby in the next house to know how gentle a scemingly hard-hearted man can be,

The mother is in bed ill, the husband is away peddling lobsters, which have an ugly habit of spoiling before customers can be found. There are two young children playing on the floor, and the wee thing that he takes on his knee is scarcely larger than the nursing bottle we spend half an hour clean-

It is a new citizen, a squirmy, pink, puckered little thing, easily broken and hard to handle, but the doctor takes him across the knees of his nice twill trousers, lathers him with white soap and warm water, dries him against the grain to quicken the almost imperceptible circulation, sounds his lungs, listens to the heart-beats and rub-a-dub-dub in the soft little head, gets a powder from his cavernous pocket to dry out his creases, rubs he cold purple soles warm and rosy, winds a strip of flaunch about the small, empty stomach and hands him over to the mother, who has been blessing him the while with her

eloquent, supplicating eyes. She is told to hurry and get well, directions are given for applying a healing salve to the child's sore head and body, and the woman next door agrees for a nickel to prepare a

bowl of rice soup for the feeble woman. A woman with her hopes in the past, and that most pathetic of faces which expresses neither resignation, patience nor abstraction, and all three in one, sits in the adjoining room and withholds a welcome. In a chair | and drink. that she rocked with her foot lay a babe attenuated to the very verge of emaciation, with a color as white as lime, and as she swayed the little one her flugers were busy sewing together rags for a hit-or-miss carpet.

" Is your baby sick?"

" It's very pale."

"Yes; very." The doctor hesitates. She goes on with her

ewing, and I try the blandishments of a mutton chop. She sayr, without even a glance towards me, "Take your chops and yourselves away if you want to please me." We obey, both hurt and filled with pity,

but forget all about the repulse on the lower floor, where a woman of seventy is left in charge of a poor labe dying of cholera morbus. The little thing lies, in the middle of a feather bed, its half-open eyes glazed with death and the thin lips panting for breath I have a fan, a scross the sticks. I hate to part with it, but I do, and show the old, white-haired grand-

"The mother is my daughter," she tells

only for that we'd starve to death." "Would you like a chop to make a little

broth for the child and yourself?" "Would I? May the Lord and his angels bless you for I haven't had a hot mouthful of ment for a month,"

Nothing in therapeutics will help the gasp. ing little one; "keep the files off, granny, wash him in some warm water when you make a fire and try and get your daughter to stay home this afternoon and take him on the water," the doctor says, and adds for my ears alone it's only a question of another twenty-

four hours. In a small kitchen we come upon a group of Hungarian women rolling clears and singing like larks in a greenwood tree. The windows are closed to keep the wrappers moist the atmosphere is thick with flying molecules from the coarse weed, and the air is poisoned from the exhalations of so many per-ons. There are five babies, one brown as the rigars, their mothers are rolling, lying about on the floor. Their beels and fists in the sir, all of them portially naked, all clean and all well but two. A general ha! ha! is voiced when the doctor offers an excursion ticket. Nobody will take it.

"But the air of this room, the impurities you are breathing will sicken you and kill

your children." "We'll take our chances, doctor, whi'e there is bread enough to be had, and as for the babies, well, you don't know what you are talking about. Look at me!" the first roller says. "I was born in a tobacco box and I am not dead, and this kid will have to die if she can't go through what I have." She opens a brown paper and takes out a piece of "chuck" and black bread, and if some of the over-fed epicureans, whose digestion runs to bile, could have seen the relish with which this slaving young mother relished them, her appetite would be thir envy. Collectively they are an industrious, admirable lot, but anothetic on the subject of drugs, and the doctor's prescription for a croupy child is brandished about with as little respect as the yellow poster of a dime

museum. "Any sick children here?" we ask at a door in 11916 Willett. "No children, but a childish old woman.

If you come from THE EVENING WORLD YOU will help me, won't you?" "We will, certainly. What can we do for

"Give me something to eat."

"What?" "Anything : enough of anything."

The poor creature is past sixty-six, whitehaired, withered-faced, and helplessly palsied. Her hand trembles so that she can with difficulty take the bit of silver we offer, and we leave her praying in grateful acknowledgment.

The doctor treats a sick baby in a back yard, three in the door-step of one house, two on the curbstone, and one in the drip and splash and soap bubbles of a poor widow's washtub. The last of the mutton chops is given to s

young woman who supports her mother and

child sewing carpet rags that pay two cents pound and net the family 60 cents a day. Leaving the dilapidated row that stands back from the pavement in Willett street, we meet a woman and sick boy, the latter upset by an excessive indulgence in prematurely harvested apples. The mother has been struck in the face by a blind man, and her nose so badly injured that the doctors had to remove it to prevent blood poisoning from

mortification. "You are not at dinner I see." " No, I don't have any dinner, only break-

fast." Why one meal !"

" Because I can't get any more." " Would 50 cents make any sort of a meal for you and the sick boy ?"

"It would make a heavenly meal, thank you. God bless you, good-by and good luck

to you." Now, where would one get more so small an investment?

The dector has a letter : here it is, addressed to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD I am a poor, sick girl, and I cannot afford to have medical sid. I am a reader of your paper and I have reen how you send doctors to visit the sick poor free of charge. I thought perhaps you might send me a doctor if I asked you. I think if I only could receive proper treatment I would soon be able to go to work.

The basket is as empty as a dream, and the doctor's cuffs are bloody and his fingers sticky from handing out chops, but we fill it up again with a big tenderloin steak, a jar of blackberry jam, a dozen lemous, some fresh rolls and a few sweet cakes and start down Lewis street to hunt for the writer.

She lives on the top floor and she "likes it best of all." she tells us, " for the sparrows bop about the window and the raindrops that patter on the roof are as nice as fairy

Mary is a cripple: her back is deformed. Her strength has nover been large, nor her tea th good, and now both have deserted her for a long time she was in the employ or kidley's, kept stock there and received \$3.50 Ridley's, kept stock there and received 23.00 a week. She has been home for more than a year, suffering from asthma, and it is very doubtful if she can ever resume work. Dr. Hunt has been more than kind to ber, and never goes up to the little room without a pocket full of something, and his pockets, while after the latest mode their capacity. while cut after the latest mode, their capacity s a wonder. When he asked Mary what she would like

best from his pocket she said: "A lemon. please: I am always thirsty, and the water gets so warm that I can't drink it." The mother and her helpless daughter are dependent on a boy of seventeen, a noble fe

low, who denies himself every comfort and foregoes many of the necessaries of life that his sister may have nourishing things to eat and drink.

NELL NELSON.

The Death Rate. The total number of deaths during the past wenty-four hours have been 128. Of these, 53

were children under five years. The causes are as follows:

Diarrines.

Other diseases.

Why Don't

You take Hond's Sarsaparilla, if you have impure blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired feeling or are troubled by sick headache, dyspepsia or billioisness. It has accomplished wonders for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a fair trial, is reasonably certain to

"I have been troubled a great deal with leadache, had appetite, no strength, and felt as mean as any one could, and he about my work. Since taking Hood's Sar sajarils I have not had the bradache, my food has reliabled, and seemed to do no good, and I have felt maself pretty thing, with Watteau figures painted growing stronger every day," M. A. Strillman, 19

Grand avenue. Grand Rapids, Mich. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheoaries, Lorest, Mars. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Her Idea of the Peculiar Humor of New York Society.

Extraordinary Mathematical Complications at the Box-Office.

Feminine Fancies, Follies and Vagaries Revealed in the Silly Season.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. NEW YORK, Aug. 3.-The action of Mrs. hamberlain, daughter of ex-Secretary of War Endicott, in administering a rebuke to a party f English people of rank who induiged in conversation before her which was not entirely oincident with her ideas of propriety, has caused considerable discussion here, and the question has arisen whether Mrs. Chamberlain not representative of a somewhat more disreet type of American girlhood than is found in New York. She is from Salem, Mass., and was reared in an atmosphere bearing no resemblance to what is found in a capital such as London. We can admire her pure conception of propriety, for it is indeed a beautiful thing to find a girl delicate enough to persist in the utmost respect to herself and her sex, but at the same time we are forced to concede that her experience in England might have occurred in the high circles here. There is, unfortunately, a laxity in the intercourse of presumably refined all pay altogether at once for anything, so we people in many admirable circles of New York which would certainly surprise a well-bred girl from Salem. This assertion can be made with perfect justice, for it each is true. In the desire to be entertaining and tone. witty a Parisian degree of freedom is indulged in, and many are the risque bits of repartee that are shot across the handsome tables at the houses of our excellent families. There is seldom any malice in the naughty with cisms that are bandled to and fro-the effort being to be delicate, sharp, incisive, and never vulgar, Nevertheless the suggestion of it all is boundless, and a very sensitive girl who was well enough informed to understand the hidden meanings at all would be frightfully shocked. The custom has increased lately. The men are the ones to start the dangerous ball of wit; there will be some very clever and reckless women who will encourage them, and the really innocent girls simply laugh as though they didn't know what it all meant. Therefore we are hardly able to take this experience of Mrs. Chamberlain as proof of American society's su-perior cleanness of mind, as compared with that of England. The fact is a most reprehensible one that such conduct could be met with in any espectable parlor which could shock a young married woman, but our society is not more free from the imputation than London society is. We do not hear of the embarrassment un-dergone so frequently by New York girls, for it is very rare that one of them has the pluck and personal independence of Mrs. Joseph Cham-

A DAZZLING COSTUME. The brightest things in the generally dull town are the costumes of women who come in for a day from the near-by Summer resorts. One average example was a success, if her object was to attract general attention and give people an electric shock that hot day. Such a dazzling array, or such a combination of colors, is not often seen, especially in the city streets. Her dress was a sateen, the ground navy blue, covered with sprigs of light brown and white. and the collar and loose "angel sleeves" were the most vivid grass green. That statement is not to be modified in the least. It was not pistache, it was not absinthe or celaden, or anything but the brightest, most uncompromising of greens. Her hair was blonde to a vivid yellow, her gloves were gray, her hat black straw and trimmed with bright scarlet poppies. When my dazzled eyes first rested on her she was buying eern surah silk. Could it be to embellish the costume she had on? Was her love for color not yet sufficiently gratified, and was that ecru to be added in the form of a vest? The fates forbid! Should she thus further embellish herself it would be necessary to view her effulgence tbrough the softening medium of a smoked

A NEW PANGLED ELEVATOR. It is not good August policy to overlook anything with diversion in it. I found a bit this morning. It was one of those terrifying elestors that drop down like a plummet instead of noving slowly in the good old-fashioned way. It was full of people, both sexes, all ages, all orts and conditions of men and women. most of them 'twas their first experience of that sind, and they suffered about as much as if twas a first toboggan slide. When the clevato stopped after that indescribably short trip there ame the sound of a simultaneous gasp, a catching of the breath, and then one of the passengers, a grave-faced matron, turned to the elevator boy, and said: " Now, will you kindly go back for the roof of mouth?"

A TICKET OFFICE EPISODE. Even that old-time source of amusement, a theatre ticket window with women at it, is not to be despised. Four ladies enter the lobby of a Broadway house. The youngest approaches the window and asks in a bussiness like tone, which is palpably assumed, "How much are the

'I can let you have"-the seller pauses. and looks over the rows of tickets as if going to make this a special instter—"I can let you have very choice seats in the orchestra circle for one dollar and fifty cents."

"Apiece. "Yes, miss."

Hasty consultation of the four ladies, in the hist of which the severe one starts for the door, saying: "I won't do it." The spokesgiri hastily addresses herself to the seller and the severe lady comes back.

'We don't want to pay so much as that, you

The tone isn't business-like any more: it's con idential and plaintive. The ticket-seller smiles indulgently, and again scans the rows beside He has an air of not knowing just what he can do for them, which is rather calculated. he thinks, to make them settle on the first reats ' How about the gallery?" blurts out the lady

of the party who wears glasses. The seller looks mild disapproval, as if, as a personal matter, he wouldn't like to see them do t, and a quiet member of the party objects, "1 never was in the gatlery."

"Nor I." says the severe one, as if she didn't mean to begin now, either. The spokeswoman looks discouraged. The seller, to brace them up, remarks in a soothing tone, while he still fingers the orchestra-circle

row. This theatre is quite officerin.

Oh, yes: I-I know this is a nice place. We have never been here." the spokeswoman replies, plucking up her business voice. She doesn't mean to put what she said just that way, of course; but people who pretend business will "How much are they ?" make breaks. "Fifty cents," returns the relier with gent!

Another consultation, then the severe one asin: " Apiece?" 'Yes, madam." More consultation, then, to

bring the matter to a head, the seller inquires, How many did you say?" The severe lady comes to the front, and eyeing

the seller in a way to make him feel he can't de-

ceive her asks: "Do ladies go in the gallery ?" 'Oh. dear, yes-the best," says the seller, with just a delicate suggestion of an assurance that he wouldn't demean himself by selling the tickets otherwise, and begins to sort out the four tickets.

"I will take mine," she adds, presenting dollar bill.

The seller holds the tickets suspended, and

remarks suggestively: "It will be two dollars, please. 'Yes: I know, but I just want mine. "Ob, you don't want four?" -this from the

seller with slight severity.

"No; just mine."

He looks pained, replaces three tickets, changes the dollar, and delivers one seat all in a dignified, not to say injured, silence. The lady with glasses now takes possession of the window, "Are the seats all togather?" she noks.

"The lady only took one seat," the seller replies, still in that pained way.
"Of course," impatiently: "that's all she wanted; but will the seats be together 7"

BUYING THEIR OWN SEATS.

He does not catch the idea, and he confesses it. The original spokeswoman pushes her head in under the other's chin and explains cheerily We're each going to buy her own seat." "Oh, " returns he, brightening,

"And are they together?" reiterates the eyeglass member of the party, as if she can wait, of course, but means just the same to have her 'Yes indeed, madam, all together. Shall I

take the rest of the tickets from this?" he adds. fingering the ten-dollar bill that she pays in. No-just mine. The spokeswoman again pushes her head in under the other's chin, saying: "You see we get so mixed up in our accounts at night if we

just made up our minds to each pay separately every time for anything. 'Oh, very well! Then I am to make change

each time?" he inquires in a don't-mind-me "I've just got 45 cents in silver," says the

quiet one ha-tily. "Ask him to take five cents extra for your ticket, Hannah. I'll pay you tonight so as to even up. " The relier is beginning to show signs of paresis and Miss Glasses brings him to himself by speaking in a cold, passionless voice and making pauses between words; "Please take 35 cents

"No, "cries the quiet one. "let him take fifty. and then you give him five afterwards, because we are sure to get mixed up." The seller with trembling fingers makes

hange for ten dollars reserving a silver half for the seat. "Please take this small stuff instead," objects Miss Clauses, pushing back a pile of coppers

"I bate to carry it." 168.1 cents is counted out from the lot, the rest luding the silver half being returned. 'Now give him five cents for me," reminds the quiet one.

"Oh, yes! Here's five cents on the other lady's

ticket. She's only got forty-five cents in change, you know. A MATHEMATICAL MAZE. The seller's eyes look wild and he seems to be in a chill. The severe one steps up now, say-ing shortly: "It's all nonsense each buying her

own. Give me two tickets, please." She tenders

a dollar bill, explaining over her shoulder to the quiet one. "I am getting yours. You can pay me when we get home." The ticket-seiler, in a state of partial collapse. can't seem to think what to do with the extra five-cent piece. For lack of a better idea, he puts it in his mouth while he attends to the dollar bill. "T-t-two seats, madam?" he asks,

stuttering on account of the coin in his mouth.

and also because he feels his native language

"Two," returns the severe one in a deter mined way. The two tickets are passed through the window,

supping from him.

and the ladies start. At the door a discussion arises. The quiet one has insisted upon squaring at once with the severe one. She is sure she will get mixed if she doesn't. The severe one takes the \$5 cents, remarking. "Of course it's a small matter, my dear, but I paid 50 cents

"Why! the man has it," shouts the quiet one. "Ob, the wretch! Of course he has," comes n chorus "And he took the full amount. I'll just have that five cents back," says the severe lady,

me, hecause I gave it to him. "Then I'm out five cents," says the severe one, as if she were being stuck that way all the time and didn't like it either. "Til tell you how it is," explains the quiet

"Well!" objects Miss Glasses, " he owes it to

"I owe Hannah five cents, and the ticket seller owes you five c nts." "That leaves him five cents ahead, and it's an outrageous shame!" cries the severe one. "He's been paid for one ticket twice, that's what it amounts to. He think's we don't know, and if you want to go right on paying what he owes, your ticket will cost you seventy-five cents the

first thing you know. "Well. I certainly gave him five cents extra." says the one with glasses. "and I'm going to have it back. I don't know which one of us it belongs to, but he shan't have it."

Well, he shan't have mine, either," adds the severe one. THE PRINCIPLE OF IT. The two stride to the window. All this time the ticket seder had been sucking away at the nickel and wondering what is going to happen to him. when Miss Glasses blurts out : trouble you for that five-cent piece I gave you. He gives a horrified gulp, struggles a moment with his collar, and then says faintly : will give you another one, madam." He goes on struggling with his collar, but manages to

you owe me, too!" snorts the severe one. ' My dear madam-I"--"Yes you did! I gave you five cents and you had already had the five cents. The lady only had 45 cents, and both the other lady and I gave on five cents to make up for it, and I insist on having it back. It isn't the amount I care about; it's the principle of it, and I "--

You will please pay me back the five cents

get a nickel out of the drawer and deliver it.

The ticket-seller hasn't an idea on the subject of any five-cent piece except the one that is now turning a corner around his larynx. Into his favored brain sweeps a suspicion that he has become one of those "drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot " machines, and since a nickel has been dropped in the slot he feels that, of course, he ought to show up with something; probably another nickel since the lady says so. He gropes blindly in the drawer, makes a mistake or two, and finally delivers the right coin. Then, when they have all gone, he sits with his head in his hands and his finger down his threat wondering how his accounts stand. Is he five cents out or to cents out? He's is dead sure he's five cents in. because he can feel that nickel making impres sions of the An e ican shield on one side of hi esophagus and of a Roman V on the other all the way down. But he doesn't know yet whether he owes his employer five cents or a dime. Copyright, 1889. CLABA BELLE.

TO FISH STORY CONTESTANTS.

Competitors in the Fish Story Contest abo signed their contributions "ticorgia:." "S. T.," "Posts Russn," "Izank" and and addresses to the editor of "The Evening World."

MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL relieves diseases Social Exhibit testhing. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. ... WORLD.

PROVEN.

Mme. A. Ruppert, the leading Complexion Specialist.

HER WONDERFUL FACE, BLEACH TEST ED AS A THOROUGH SKIN TONIC UNDER THE OBSERVATION OF

THOUSANDS.

No other preparation for the skin known has been given the preminence or has had its merits so honestly proven as has Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach during the last five weeks. Thousands have watched with deep interect the action and offect of Face Bleach on the faces of two ladies whom this most anterprising specialist has had on exhibition at her office. The race of one was cleared permanently of deep black freekles of twenty-two years' standing. The other was cured of most horrible black-heads, pimples and eers ma. The test was all the more convincing from the fact that but one side of the ladies' face was cleared at a time, and many were fortunate enough to call when one wide of the face was clear and the other side as it origi-ally was, which is certainly proof beyond all doubt.

The action of Face Bleach on the skin is such that it cannot fail in any case. Its effect on the face is the same as our wearing apparel by friction on the rest of the body, thus gently removing the dead cuticle which covers the peres, cleaning the latter of all poisonous ill luge, drawing out from beneath the clin any discelration or impurity that has been accumulating there for years. In this way it positively removes from the skin permanently all roughness, frockles, moth, blotches, black-heads, pimples, excessive redness, sallowness, and, in fact, all blemishes the skin is beir to. Removes and prevents tan or sunburn.

Face Bleach is a cure, and once cured is permanent, and is unlike all other preparations, as it does not require the continued use and does not show on the face after application.

It is not only guaranteed not harmful, but positively eneficial to even the most delicate complexion. The only article indorsed universally by all who have used or only article incorsed interestably as a wan date used or seen its wonderful effects. Face Bleach has a larger sale in New York Cfty than all other preparations for the complexion combined. Ladies ont o town can have Face Bleach sent them On bottle, \$21 three bottles suffice to clear the complexion), \$0. Send 4 cents postage or call for sealed particulars. Mme. A. Rup-pert, 30 East 14th st. New York, or 202 West 42d st., New York; 42d st. office also open evenings.

HER BOY'S LETTER.

A Mother Comes to "The Evening World" for Some Advice.

A mother came to THE EVENING WORLD office a day or two ago about her boy. He was her best son, her first born, she said. It was the night after the great Blizzard that it happened. He had gone out and when she heard of him again he was under arrest for burglary.

"He was such a good boy," she said. "On that awful night be met some other lads and they drank, and under the influence of the liquor one of them broke a saloon window and robbed a till. The money was divided among them, and then a policeman came and arrested my boy with the others.

"He was sent to the Elmira Reformatory. He was good there and writes me he can ges out if I can find him a place. I didn't know how to do this, so I came to The Evening World.

Won't you print his letter ?"

"Won't you print his letter?"
The letter is as follows:

Dean Mothers: At the meeting of the Board of Managers on I hursday my parole was authorized to take effect as seen as I can find a position. Now, mother, I have fulfilled my part of the contract, and you must do your part of it—viz., that of getting me the place to work. I have been thinking of the place that you said papa would let me have at the factory, and if he thinks I could do the work I would like to have it, but you know I have never had any experience in that line, and if I should take it and then not be able to do the work it would not be very pleasant.

And then, again, how about the salary? The superintendent knows my ability as a pressman, and if I did not get a fair salary he might object to it. But I will leave it all to you and father, If I can do the work and the pay is enough to suit the Superintendent, I would rather have the place than to work at my trade.

Now, on the other hand, in case I cannot have the piace, I will tell you just what I can do in my trade and then you will know what sort of a place to look for. I am capable of taking charge of from three to five "Gordon" presses and of doing all the work that comes under a pressman's duty, that of cutting all paper for jobs, &c. I have had a little experience on cylinder pressos and could do work on them in a small office, but could not do any high-class work.

But on "Gordon" presses I can do the best The letter is as follows:

work. But on "Gordon" presses I can do the best kind of work. I think \$10 a week would be as low as the Superintendent would care to have me go out on, but if less perhaps he would give me a chance, as I could soon make myself worth more. It will be necessary to give full particulars of my case, mother, for the Superintendent has the place investigated before he me a chance, as I could soon make myself worth more. It will be necessary to give full particulars of my case, mother, for the Superintendent has the place investigated before he sends a man out. In talking of me to any one in regard to a place, say for me that all I ask is a trial, and if I do not prove my cif worthy of the trust placed in me it will be strange, indeed. When you have arranged for me, mother, let the Superintendent know at once and write to me also, for I will be anxious to hear the news now, for I can go home now as soon as I find a place. I am feeling well again and have two afternoons a week in the open air, as I am now in the "awkward squad," and I find that it makes me feel like a new man. Give my love to father and the children, and trusting to be with you soon, I am your loving son.

Don't Forget the Next Instalment of Wilkie Collins's" Blind Love," Now Run-

ning in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Let Up on the Trust.

. the Editor of The Evening World: I am a reader of your most valuable paper that is so well known throughout this broad land of ours. I see THE EVENING WORKED has attacked the sugar monopolists. Their scheme is atrocious robbery of the poor people. The Sugar Trust speculators are never satisfied with their millions. I am a poor man myself with a small family, strugging very hard to keep and teed ourselves in a humble home, but the inconpolists are seeking to claim and clutch the poor man's sugar bowel. Is there no limit to the ratience of the poor class of people? Don't let up on the Sugar Trust until it is entirely broken up. Yours to see it get broken. E. Godfart. 521 West Forty-third street.

The Cost of Banjos.

to the Editor of The Evening World; I noticed in THE EVENING WORLD an article, headed the "Popular Banios-Points Given by a Beancater, of Boston," wherein he says stage people don't play on costly instruments. I beg
to differ with him, as banjoists of recognized
ability all have costly instruments, such as E.
M. Hall, J. H. Runtly, Sam Devere, Billy Carroll, Jonn Bogau, John Mack and many others
too numerous to mention. I am only an ordinary banjoist, but I use a \$50 instrument—nos
a tine looker by any means, but it has a tone
that would give that Beancater a twister if he
should ever have the pleasure of listening to it.
I mention these facts that the public may nos
be led astray by that over-zealous music dealer
of Bioston, that has not got a professional banjo
u his house, and wouldn't know 'e if he saw
I. J. ALLEN, people don't play on costly instruments. I bes

J ALLEN, 502 Greene avenue. Brooklyn, N. 1. One Way of Putting It. [Irom dudge.]

Two clerks in a store. "Well, a'l I can say is that if the boss doesn't take lack what he said to me this morning I shall vamose the ranch,"

And what was that?"
"Why, he said that rerester he shou'd try and dispense with my valuable service. Of Little Consequence.

| From Judge | "I'll sue you for \$10.000, you scoundrel!" cried old Brown. ''You've drawn the wrong tooth."

1 ou't grow so excited about a little thing of that hind," returned the dentist. "It will cost you only \$5 to have it put back." Belva Lockwood Writes of the Glaring

Social Evils in France for the SUNDAY